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OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

OUTGROWN.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is much that my heart would say;
And you know we were children together, have quarreled and "made up" in play.

And so for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

Two summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the self-same plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her life's early May;
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.

Natures never stand still, nor souls either—they ever go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring, but how has it been with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year—
The stars are not further above you, in yon luminous atmosphere!

For she that you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and His angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you! Have you aimed at the highest? Have you, too, aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth can not harm you. When to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead!

She can not look down to her lover; her love, like her soul, aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would kindle its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship I have ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our earlier youth.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

There dwelt in California, some years ago, three friends, wild fellows enough, who had seemingly linked their fortunes for better or for worse, and who, whatever their luck, were constantly in each other's company.

These young men were Charles Chester, Harry Bray and Edward Warren. They were more brotherly than many brothers, more akin than many kinsmen. True to each other even when women and money were between them. Damon and Pythias, with a twin Pythias added. For a long while they had been very poor; at last fortune favored them. Each had a certain sum, by no means contemptible, stowed away in the leathern belt he wore about his waist. Each carried a gold watch, and each wore a suit of clothes supposed by himself to be the latest style and choicest fashion. Moreover, their revolvers were perfect, silver mounted, and rejoicing in a multiplicity of barrels; for without these it would be quite impossible to maintain a position in this quarter of the world in any society.

How they came by these possessions, we will not inquire too particularly. They were neither burglars nor highwaymen, but dice and betting may have helped them to the winning of their little fortunes. They were not over scrupulous; but they would have knocked any man who had neglected to address them as gentlemen, and used those wonderful revolvers promptly on any "stranger" who objected to drinking with them, and, consequently, stood rather high in the community. Certainly, in their conduct to each other they were faultlessly honorable and miraculously generous.

One day soon after "luck" had come to its rest, a letter directed in a woman's tremulous hand to "Charles Chester," was handed to that member of the trio, in the presence of the other two. The young fellow seized it eagerly, tore it open, read it through, and tearing off his belt, spread its contents before him upon the table and counted it over. Having done so he burst into tears, and very unwisely and profanely cursed himself for extravagance, all sorts of uncomfortable things here and hereafter, a proceeding which seems to relieve some men considerably, though why it would puzzle the unenlightened to declare. The cause of all this, as his comrades soon discovered, was that his mother had written to him from her little farm in a Southern State to tell him a doleful tale of sickness, death among the stock, etc., and a final crash. A mortgage was almost due, and as the old people would find it impossible to meet it, they would be sold out and left homeless in their old age. "It will kill your father," wrote the mother, "and I will die with him."

"I did it all," said the young fellow, sobbing openly. "My debts and my wild ways encumbered them at first, and now look."

And he pointed to the gold upon the table, and began his profane litany again. The mortgage was three thousand dollars, and he had but two thousand.

"Is that all?" cried Ned Warren, hauling at his belt.

"Good Heaven! What does he take us for?" cried Harry Bray furiously. "Five hundred apiece, and the expenses of the journey are about the figure. There go to the old folks. We'll see about your horse while you pack your bag."

This set the other at his oaths again; but in joyful style this time. They were trumps and bricks, and by everything he could think of he'd do for them if there were any need of it.

"He'd pay them back, if he lived, and then—he'd—bless them," and so choked off into sobs again, at which they left him to recover, returned with a horse and a well-filled pocket flask, and saw him set forth upon his mission, as though the "old folks" had been their old folks too.

They waited for news from him, but none came. They waited quietly at first, then impatiently. At last they heard this: He had never been seen at home, or by any one who knew him since the day on which they had shaken hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. That he was as true to them as they to him they well knew, and one thought filled each mind. They must discover his fate, and, if it were what they supposed, avenge him.

So one bright morning, well mounted, well armed, and followed by a favorite dog, a hound which would by no means be left behind, the two set forth in search of their lost comrade. They took the road he must have taken, and asked at every tavern and cabin for news of him. One old man remembered him well; another man pointed out the dangerous place in the road leading past a precipice to a man of his lost friend's description, but at that point the clue was lost. After much travel and many inquiries, our comrades began to fear that they should have paused to examine the rocks and ravines at the foot of the precipice alluded to, ere they proceeded further, and determined to turn back and do so. They came to this resolution about nightfall, and just as they reached the borders of a little farm, which bore evidence of careful tillage. Upon this land also stood a farm house, from the crevices in the shutters of which streamed long bars of ruddy lamp-light, and whence the sound of music was plainly heard. It was the only dwelling within sight.

"We still stay here," said one friend to another, "until dawn, and then return."

That the house was not an inn did not matter to either of them. Hospitality was never refused in the land to any one at that day.

They rode boldly up to the gate and gave a loud halloo. In an instant the door [illegible]

"Can you let us sleep here to-night?" inquired one of the friends, as one asks who fears no refusal.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said a pleasant voice. "You're welcome. You'll find a stable there and corn for your horses. Our man Jack is on the floor to-night; but here is a lantern if you'll tend to yourselves."

"All right, stranger," said Harry, "and thank you, too."

The two men led their horses into a stable, already full. Ned watered them, and secured them for the night, and would have left the place at once, but that one of the animals attracted Harry's attention. He turned back to look at him; examined him from head to foot, turned read and pale, and suddenly clutched Ned's arm.

"You remember the horse we bought for Charles Chester?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ned.

"Look at the fellow," said Harry. "Yes, the very one. The star on the forehead, the scar on his foreleg, the color, the height! Ned, it's Charley's horse!"

"It is the horse," said Ned, slowly. "Harry, if Charley had lived to go, his horse would have gone with him."

"The owner of this animal may know all we need to hear," said Harry. "It won't be good news, Ned."

Ned shook his head, and sadly and slowly the men went toward the house. They found the dancing at its height, and that this was the home-coming of the farmer's bride—a pretty young woman, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, of whom the stalwart bridegroom seemed very fond and proud.

"Sit down, strangers," said an old man near the door. "You've come at a merry time, and don't get much attention. My son is just the happiest fellow out, I believe; got no eyes for nobody but that gal. You see the've been waitin' quite a spell, and he had no luck, none at all, and it seemed he'd got to give it up; but six months back he had a streak. Wonderful!—explained it, but I don't remember, so he sends for her and me from Connecticut. She's an orphan gal; and as soon as her school term was over—she was teaching, ye know—she come. This is their warming, and them's the neighbors. They all like Ike. Ike's a good fellow—a real good fellow, though I say it. Take a nip, stranger; don't be afraid of the jug. I'll fill it again. Why, what ails your dog?"

The dog left outside was howling rather fearfully.

"Wants to come in, perhaps," said Ned, "but it mightn't be agreeable to the ladies."

"Bring him in," said the old man; but the dog would not come.

He stood beside a patch of grass in the garden howling woefully; and scratching and tearing with all his might. Leave the spot he would not, and the friends, when they saw him, and remembered the horse in the stable, felt the blood curdle in their veins.

"Whose horse is that with a white star on the forehead and a scar on his foreleg—a handsome brown horse, with wonderful eyes?" whispered Harry to the old man.

"That's my son's horse," said the old man.

"Where did he buy it?" asked the other.

"Don't know," said the old man laughing childishly. "Come to him with the rest of his good luck, six months ago."

Again the dog outside began to howl. Again the friends felt cold chills creep over them.

"Where are we to sleep?" asked Edward of the old man. "We don't want supper—we need rest."

"I'll show you," said the old man. "The house will be full to-night, but you'll not mind roughing it."

And he led the way to an upper room, where a rude bed was already spread.

"Just lie down here, strangers," he said. "There's a blanket if you are cold, and there's a candle. Good night."

And he left them. But not to sleep. The two men had sought solitude, that they might commune with each other. Yet now they could only say, "What does this mean?" They had said it as many ways a dozen times, when Harry, by accident, lifted his eyes to a peg in the rough wall. On it hung something which riveted his gaze with horror. Yet it was an object quite common and innocent in itself—only a pair of brown saddle-bags, rather new in appearance, and with the letters "C. C." on the side.

"Look!" he cried; "look, Edward!"

The other, in turn, stood mute for a time, then gave a spring toward the peg, tore the bags down and opened them. Within they found garments they knew their friend had worn, an empty belt, and the daguerreotype of a young girl of whom they had known him to be very fond.

"His horse in the stable, his saddle-bags and belt here, the dog howling on the turf without—what does it all mean?" cried Harry again.

And Ned answered "We shall soon see," and strode into the great room where the dancing was going on, and up to the bridegroom, standing at the head of a Virginia reel, with his bride's hand in his own.

"Stop a bit," cried Ned, furiously. "We have a question to ask. Whose horse is that in the stable—the brown one, with a star on the forehead?"

"Mine," said the farmer, turning deadly white.

"And the saddle-bags up stairs marked C. C.?"

The farmer turned paler.

"Gentlemen," he said, "wait until morning, and I will explain everything."

"We choose to learn the truth for ourselves," said the young man fiercely.

"You had a mysterious streak of luck six months ago, I understand from the old man there," said Harry Bray.

"Not very mysterious," said the farmer. "I went to the diggings and fell in with a nugget. As for the horse, I found him, and the saddle-bags too. If you know to whom they belong, he's welcome to them."

"They belong to the man you murdered for his money, and buried in the ground yonder, where the dog stands howling," cried Harry Bray. "We are going to dig there, and heaven help any man who hinders us!"

"Dig where you choose," said the farmer. "I am too well known here to be afraid of two madmen. I murdered a man—I! There, I'm a fool to care for such words! Dig, confound you! Many a horse strays in the woods; many a man has found one, as well as I. Come, neighbors, set the fiddles going, and let these madmen dig."

And the spades sank into the turf, and the terrified guests gathered around, and the bride clung to her husband's arm, and the music was dumb, and the dog's long, melancholy wail filled the air, and at last, just as the rising moon flung her yellow beams upon the newly dug earth, Ned Warren cried in an awful voice, "He is here!" And the two friends lifted from the grave that which had been a man, with long, death-grown black hair falling down over his shoulders.

He had been shot in the head and through the heart, and there was no doubt in either mind that it was the body of their lost friend. The farmer seemed petrified with horror; the bride fell into a death-like swoon; the guests fell away from their host and looked askance. The old father tore his hair and pleaded for mercy. But there was no mercy in any heart there. The avengers were all powerful. The great room, adorned for festival and mirth, was turned into a courtroom. The women were thrust from it; the men remained. On the raised stand where the fiddler had been seated, Harry Bray now took his seat in the character of Judge Lynch. The jury was named, the mock trial hurried on, and the accused called upon to answer. He pleaded not guilty. He denied any knowledge of the fact that a grave lay so near his home. He persisted in the repetition of the statement that he had found the horse and saddle-bags, but he admitted that there had been money in the latter.

He stood before them looking very unlike a murderer, calling on them for justice—calling on God to witness the truth of his words; speaking of his young wife and his old father; bidding his neighbors remember that he had never done them any wrong.

But Judge Lynch has no mercy, no compassion, no belief in the possibility of false accusation; and this Judge Lynch was an avenger of blood. The end was what the end of such a trial generally is; the sentence the awful one of death; and in less than three hours from the moment on which they first saw the bridegroom happy and blithe, standing with his bride at the head of the gay country dance, his body dangled, a horrible sight to look upon, [illegible] before the eyes of the woman who had so lately been a happy bride, and whom the scene had turned into a gibbering maniac, whom they would hardly have known for the rosy-cheeked young bride.

They were revenged, but at what cost! The two men returned to their homes, saddened and altered, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their comrade; and this, to them, seemed common justice. The legal code of border life had been adhered to; but for the last look at the mad bride they could scarcely have recognized how awful all this had been. They lived on together friends, still speaking often of poor Charley, and fancying that in some other world he might even know how well they had revenged themselves upon his murderer.

And so five years passed; and one day the two went together into a coffee room kept by an old Frenchman in the city of San Francisco, and being in low spirits, out of luck, and with slender purses, were sitting disconsolately over their meal, when a hand came down on each shoulder and a voice cried, "Found at last! I've searched the city for you. Heaven bless you, dear boys!"

It was Charles Chester, handsome and cheerful, well dressed, and well-to-do-looking; Charles Chester, whose murderer they believed themselves to have lynched years before.

And this was the story he told them, wondering at their pallid looks and awe-struck silence the while.

The money he had with him being in gold, and heavy for his belt, he placed it in his saddle-bags, and had completed many miles of his journey, when, near a new but apparently deserted dwelling, he saw a man lying, groaning terribly. Dismounting, he assisted him, and found that he was a traveler who had been set upon by ruffians and robbed and wounded. He had crawled to this house for assistance, but found it empty, and now lay dying in the road. Charles Chester had done his best for the poor fellow, but without avail. He died in his arms just as the sun went down; and, by its fading light, he had dug a grave on the turf before the empty house, and there buried him. There was no one within sight, and his fears of attack upon himself warned him to hurry on; but when the last sad rites were over, and he turned to remount his horse, it was gone. The animal had escaped in the woods, and with night coming on, all search seemed hopeless. The money in the saddle bags rendered the loss a maddening one. He threaded his way through the underbrush, calling his steed by name, until total darkness hid all objects; and, at last, striking his head violently against a tree, he fell to the ground insensible. When he came to he found himself lying in a wagon, to which he had been conveyed by a kindly German, who could speak no English. In falling, he had broken his arm, and was very weak and ill. Before he was able to communicate his story to any one, all hope of recovering either horse or money had deserted him. He was in despair. He could not assist his parents, to return to his friends would be to throw himself upon their bounty. This he would not do; and his struggles had been great at first, but they were over now. He had done well by the 'old folks,' and he had returned to pay his debts and resume his friendship with his old friends."

He was with them; he lived. The farmer had doubtless told the truth. He did not even know why the turf had grown so green in the little yard, and he had found the horse at large in the woods, and knew nothing of the rider; but the thing had been done, and could not be undone—the dead brought to life, or the maniac's mind restored, or the blood washed from the murderers' hands.

Of course they told their story, and of course they believed their friendship as warm as ever; but it was not so. They never meet each other again as of yore. The two could not forget the man they had lynched to avenge their friend, and doubted the propriety of his returning alive and merry to trouble their consciences, which were quiet enough as long as he seemed dead. As for Charles Chester, he cleared the murdered man's memory among his neighbors, and saw the wild-eyed, white-faced woman, who only shook her head and moaned and muttered when he spoke to her; and then he too was content to say good-bye to those who had done the deed—albeit for his sake.

So the three parted, each going his own way; for thus it seemed easier to forget the deed done by Judge Lynch and his court on the day of the bride's coming home.

A Garden.

A home should have a garden of some kind attached to it. However poor the house may be, a little plot of garden in front of it, where something pretty is growing, where green vines are climbing upward into the sunlight, where birds, and bees, and children love to gather, and the passer-by pauses to look with interest and pleasure, gives it a far more home-like and attractive aspect than it can otherwise have. Many an ordinary house, with a well kept and tastefully arranged garden, presents a far more pleasing and attractive appearance than a much costlier mansion whose bare walls have no variegated setting of natural beauty to give completeness to the picture. It is surprising how much a few flowers set in the window add to the cheerfulness of the room they adorn, and the home-likeness of the house as seen from the street. A few honey-suckles or woodbines trailing over an arbor or along a house wall, alter the aspect of the place at once, and create an impression favorable to its inmates.

This is the time of year for making preparations for the summer garden; and we advise our fair friends in particular to spare no pains in having such a plot of some kind, in which they can work an hour or two every day, for the health that comes from the exercise, and the invigoration such contact with nature always gives. Every child wants a garden, and whenever it is possible even the smallest child should have the pleasure of planting a few seeds and seeing them grow, week by week, until he feels something of the beauty and mystery there is in nature, and falls in love with her methods and law. The garden is the best of nurseries, and it needs only the fine tact and mastery of nature's art to make it the best of schools. It would be well could it be so arranged that in the summer-time the table could be sometimes spread upon the lawn, exchanging the woolen carpet for one of green grass, and the accustomed pictures of the dining-room for the fine landscapes visible from almost every country home. The garden is merely the frame in which home is set, and the more that is done to make the setting beautiful the more shall we prize and enjoy the jewel it contains.—*Golden Age.*

A few days since a well-dressed woman called at a police station in Pittsburg, and asked that a force of men be sent to West Pittsburg to arrest a man who had built a two-story frame house on her neck. She had already consulted lawyers who had told her to get the man arrested, and then show her proofs. She would be more compassionate; she would show the evidences first. Accordingly, one of the officers was shown a couple of scars on the back of her neck. The officer pronounced them the remains of a boil. The woman was naturally indignant. Boil, indeed! that's where the joists were laid! The advice was finally given her to say nothing more about it at present, but to wait, and if the man built another, to bring it over and sell it to some man with a vacant lot.

A Savannah dispatch of the twenty-ninth ultimo says:

Delegates to the General Ticket Agents' Convention met at this city this evening, President A. S. Burnes in the chair. About fifty delegates were present. The meeting was called to order, and the committee on credentials appointed. George A. Dadmun, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, was elected president, and E. R. Dorsey, of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad, vice president. There are a large number of visitors in the city, representing the interests identified with railroad matters.

An Ohio farmer has just plowed up, in breaking up new ground, a stone shaped like a high shoe or boot, with a hole at the top through which the hand can be passed. Some persons who have seen it pronounce it an accidental formation, while others advance the theory that it is the work of the "Mound Builders," or people who lived before the Indians.

[illegible] TEMPLES OF JAPAN.

A Japan correspondent of the *Liberal Christian* is furnishing to that paper a series of letters, in the last of which is the following interesting description:

The knowledge of architecture displayed in a Japanese temple is about as crude as that displayed in their houses. Massiveness is the first characteristic of their temples, and after that comes the color. All the temples that we saw that were of any size, and used by the common people, were about the same. All were raised about fifteen feet above the stone pavement by which you reach them, and ascended to by steps of stone or wood. Their length along the front was about sixty feet, their depth thirty, and their height about forty or fifty. Of this height, nearly two-thirds was taken up by the tiled hip roof, from under which projected huge beams, sometimes arranged in tiers along the front, the lower ones receding, sometimes simply used at the corners. These beams and the front pillars, together with the end faces of the temples, were almost invariably painted red; but what in our architecture would be called the frieze was usually ornamented with wood carvings of angels very siren-like in appearance, the drapery flowing backward in such a way that it might readily pass for a fish's tail. But though there were specimens of harpies and arions, I saw no sirens.

Mounting the steps of this temple, you would generally find yourself face to face with a contribution box of about a ton capacity, the top grated like a huge cage. Whether this style of contribution box is used as a hint, or because the Japanese have a coin (especially coined for this purpose, I should judge, from the preference given to it by contributors), worth about one-hundredth of a cent, and can therefore afford to make quite a contribution, as far as appearances are concerned, without taxing their purses much, I could not learn. This contribution box usually stands outside of the temple proper. Within the railings beyond is the polished mat floor, which is kept perfectly clean, from the centre of which rises the altar and image of Buddha, the latter usually gilded. Tinsel flowers hang around him, and in front is the table on which burns the inevitable Joeh stick, and upon the ends of which lotus flowers, symbolical of longevity, cut in wood or cast in metal, are supported in flower pots. The ceilings are sometimes plain, sometimes painted. From them depend huge lanterns and tinsel work. Images of Joeh, cut in wood, and varying in size from life downward, fully realizing the notion of Satan as portrayed by our ancestors, are arranged on the sides of the temple porches. Drums of wood, to be beaten by the shaven priests in their religious ceremonies, also hold a conspicuous place.

To reach these temples you enter a huge red gateway, which appears like a shallow section of the temple, and pass along a paved way to the temple steps, by the side of which may usually be found a stone tank, open or covered in which the worshipers wash their hands before service.

These are the leading features of their temples and the more usual surroundings; but they may be infinitely varied. The grounds about some temples are ornamented with lighthouses like bronze lanterns and vases to hold eight or ten gallons of water, shaped like a lotus flower, also cast in bronze. The carving, too, varies much in richness, according to the temple. The grounds about them are often handsomely laid out, the trees being trained into solid masses of foliage of various shapes. Often two bandy-legged tigers, unrecognizable, but to be taken upon faith, share the guardianship with the hideous horned demons of red and green that guard either side of the entering gate.

Having previously seen nothing but lacquer work to give us any notions of the refinement in art of which the Japanese were capable, we were by no means prepared for the beauty of detail of the work that we found at the temples of Sheba at Yeddo. In the grounds about these temples the Tycoons have been buried, and each generation has vied with its predecessors in embellishing their tombs. As a consequence in these we have the finest specimens of decorative art of which the Japanese are capable. It is only within the last year or two that foreigners have been able to gain admission to these grounds, but since the Mikado has gained the upper hand, as a sort of humiliation to the Tycoon, he has thrown them all open.

In the majority of these tombs the arrangement was the same and three-fold. First, and raised a few steps from the ground, there was an octagonal building of about thirty feet in diameter, the outside faces of which were carved in the forms of birds and flowers, and gilded. Opening a double door, also handsomely carved and gilded, before you, upon the snow-white mats, and held in a handsome gilt frame turned toward the east, was (if the temple was Sintoo) the steel mirror, the emblem of purity. In line with this building, and raised by several more steps, was an inclosed space, the inclosing fence being carved with the figures of birds and animals, and gilded. Opening the double doors of this fence you passed under a little porch, the ceiling of which was colored very beautifully in the arabesque style, and thence into a second octagonal temple of about the same size as the first, and similarly ornamented without; opening the doors of this, and removing your shoes, you step upon beautifully white mats within, and find yourself face to face with the mausoleum which is supposed to contain the remains of the Tycoon. This was usually cylindrical in shape, having a diameter of three feet, and raised upon a lotus flower cut in stone or bronze. The mausoleum was, in some cases, of bronze; in others of red and black lacquer. In front of it was a lacquered table, upon which stood Japan lilies of bronze or of wood, in either case beautifully executed. A bronze stork, three feet high, standing upon a tortoise, was sometimes placed in front of this. The walls and ceilings were painted and carved with the figures of birds, the favorites being hawks and storks. Lacquer and gold were also used wherever no more elaborate work was attempted. We were astonished beyond measure. We had expected to find nothing but grotesque carvings and common tinsel, but here was artistic work, in its line, of the highest order. The coloring was rich, often brilliant, but in perfect taste; the carvings were full of life and energy; so, too, were the animal paintings, while nothing could surpass the simple richness of the deep black lacquer pillars, often capped with bronze. All the bronze castings, the mausoleums, the storks, the turtles, the flowers, were perfect in their way. So, too, were the bronzed lanterns used to decorate the courts around the temples, and given by the various Tycoons as presents. We came away from these temple tombs, of which there are some eighteen, all differing in detail, though similar in design, with an increased respect for the Japanese as artists. A people who have attained such a mastery over colors, and are so advanced in the working of the metals, are capable of making rapid improvement.

A laundress, who was employed in the family of a distinguished United States Senator, said to him with a sigh: "Only think, sir, how little money would make me happy."

"How little, madam?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the old gentleman went out of hearing exclaimed: "I wish I had said two hundred!"

At the beginning of the Franco-German war two barbers in Temesvar, Hungary, agreed to commit suicide if the French should be conquered by the Germans. They were as good as their word. At the news of the surrender of Paris both blew their brains out, leaving a letter which ended with "Vive la France!"

A man in Kentucky, the other day, loaded a pistol with water, and placing the muzzle in his mouth, pulled the trigger. The man died. His friends say water never did agree with him, and think if the pistol had been loaded with whisky the result would not have been so sad.

Somebody has lately obtained a patent for utilizing baby power in operating a washing machine.

[illegible]

Who comes knocking at my door?
"Let me in," says Belle;
[illegible]
"It's me [illegible]," says Belle.
"I will be [illegible]
[illegible]
Just a little [illegible]
Let me in," says Belle.

So I spoke the welcome word,
"Come in, little Belle"—
Then two tiny feet I heard:
"Here I come," says Belle.
In there peeped a golden head;
Chubby face with cheeks so red;
"Welcome, darling Belle," I said—
"Here I come," says Belle.

"I was tired and full of gloom
When you came, my Belle;
Dark and lonely seemed the room
Till you came, my Belle;
But your presence changed it quite,
In you brought a flood of light;
Made my study warm and bright—
Sunny, little Belle."

WOMAN'S PIETY.

It is said that woman is less moral, but more devout than man. She certainly has the more sentiment of the two. She acts more from feeling than from calculation. Even her thoughts seem steeped in emotion, and her words are charged with some heart-quality of the long scale between passion and praise, rage and reverence. But it by no means follows, from this fact, that she has less intellect and conscience than man. The signs of sentiment so predominant in woman's life that they throw into the shade other qualities and traits, as the thick green foliage of the tree hides its branches and fruit from the eye. It is the glory of woman that she has such a surplusage of sentiment that her reason is forgotten in its warmth, and what man painfully performs as a duty she does spontaneously from love.

Certainly woman seems to be more religious by nature than man. She is generally more susceptible to spiritual impressions, more receptive of spiritual influences, and she feels more of the attractive power of infinite goodness than her colder, more resistive, active brother. Woman's lot and experience are more religious in their discipline and influence than the rough, stern schooling of the world into which man is plunged, to be tossed on the billows, buffeted by the storms, borne down by the tempests very often, though now and then to ride in triumph over the waves. In the calendar of saints there are five Marys to one John. Were not women more religious than men, we should have few churches or charities. It is mostly woman's deep and earnest faith that rears these Christian temples, woman's holy aspirations that point these graceful spires to heaven, woman's fervor that keeps alive the fire upon the sacred altars, and the incense of woman's soul that fills the sanctuaries with the spirit of praise. Men may pay the bills, but it is woman who worships and adores. If man has more of the moral element, and excels in that piety which is the soul of goodness, and that fervor which transforms faith into inspiration. If man has the greater sanity, woman attains the greater sanctity.

We look upon an irreligious man as unripe, the block of marble in the rough; he is incomplete or imperfect. But we regard an irreligious woman as unnatural, a perversion, a deformity. The mother that does not pray is hardly fit to have a child. It seems a great thing for a man to attain to a religious state and character; but religion seems the native bloom and efflorescence of a woman's being, and we expect woman to be religious without always giving her the credit for what she does to become so. Let us be just and generous enough to appreciate every merit and praise every effort by which she realizes this great expectation. And may all our women feel that, in a very peculiar sense, they are the chosen depositaries of God's graces, priestesses at his altar, and ministers of his truth and mercy. If the women of our land, and the young women especially, could once be brought to feel how much the religious condition of the future depends upon them, the fate of contending sects and dissolving denominations could be contemplated without anxiety; for every home would be a nursery of virtue, and the child whose earliest and deepest memories are laid therein would be proof against what is worse than any speculative infidelity.—*Golden Age.*

A MAGNIFICENT BED-SPREAD.—Messrs. Theodor Danziger & Sons, No. 203 Canal street, have in one of their vast windows a Chinese silk bed-spread, that so far excels anything we have ever seen before that we deem a short description of it will not prove uninteresting to our lady readers this morning. The ground is a rich blue silk, and it is bordered all round with a heavy twist fringe, at least four inches deep. Above this fringe, and also going all around, is a magnificent chain of needlework embroidery consisting of flowers and fruits, done in their natural colors. In the center there is a grand medallion, of at least a yard in diameter, which represents a boquet of flowers, in the midst of which are to be seen peacocks, birds of paradise, humming birds, locusts and butterflies, feasting upon the flowers. All these are embroidered in colors, and are so exquisitely done that one almost imagines that the real birds and insects are before him. Each color is shaded so naturally, and so richly, that the work is a perfect wonder of skill. It will be really worth the while of our readers to call at the store of Messrs. Danziger to see this bed-spread alone.

THE STEINER GASLIGHT COMPANY.—This company is now thoroughly organized, and are using every means to supply the demand for their machines which is already made upon them. The board of directors, composed of the following gentlemen, viz: Carl Kohn, Louis Schneider, Jules Cassard, W. Van Norden, G. T. Beauregard, C. J. Berry and James B. Guthrie, at their first meeting, held March 30, elected the following officers: Carl Kohn, president; C. J. Berry, vice president; Jules Cassard, treasurer, and J. B. Guthrie, secretary. The office of the company is located at present at No. 110 Gravier street, and a machine in full operation can be seen at the real estate office, No. 32 Carondelet street.

We advise all who would like to see the perfection of simplicity combined with thorough adaptation of means to an end to go and see the Steiner gas machine. We shall have more to say on this subject in future; in the meantime, let everybody see the machine and judge for themselves.

HOW TO SELECT A GOOD PIANO.—As this is a matter of great importance to many of our readers, we advise them to give a close and attentive perusal to the advertisement of Mr. Louis Grunewald, which appears in another column. This gentleman being the agent of the Steinway, the Knabe, the Haines, Pleyel and the Blaedel pianos, five of the most celebrated instruments made in the world, should be in itself proof that his advice is worth having; but, as we know him to be a musician of the highest culture, and a dealer of the strictest honor, we can speak strongly of his decisions regarding instruments. He has now on hand a large assortment of pianos of all the above makers, besides organs, violins, flutes, and, in fact, all descriptions of musical instruments. Give him a call.

A communication in the Mobile *Tribune*, on the subject of the New Orleans, Mobile and Chattanooga railroad, says:

It is understood this railroad company will run an accommodation train from New Orleans to the lake shore watering places, at a nominal rate. Why not accommodate the Mobile people in the same way? Say leave Mobile at four o'clock in the evening, and return at nine in the morning. Many of our families will spend the summer, no doubt, at Pascagoula, Bay St. Louis or other places along the gulf, provided our citizens could get to and from business conveniently.

[illegible]

CHARTER [illegible]

STATE OF LOUISIANA, PARISH OF ORLEANS, CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Be it known, that on this eighth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-fifth, before me, John Bendernagel, a notary public in and for the parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, duly commissioned and qualified, and in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named and undersigned, personally came and appeared the parties hereinafter named and undersigned, who declared that, availing themselves of the provisions of the statutes of Louisiana relative to the organization of corporations, they do by these presents form themselves into and constitute a corporation for the following specified objects and under the following stipulations, to wit:

ARTICLE I.

The official name of the corporation shall be the NATIONAL MARINE AND RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, and it shall have a corporate seal with the name of the company thereon.

ARTICLE II.

The business and legal domicile of the company or corporation shall be in the city of New Orleans, subject to removal only by a vote of three-fourths of the stockholders.

ARTICLE III.

The object of this company is to construct or otherwise to procure and maintain one or more steamboats or other vessels, to run on and navigate the Mississippi river or its tributaries, for the purpose of carrying freight, mails and passengers, to construct docks, wharves, buildings and such other constructions as may be necessary to the building and repairing of vessels, and generally to exercise such incidental powers and privileges as are hereby or may be conferred on them for the purposes aforesaid.

ARTICLE IV.

The president of the company thus formed is hereby constituted the officer on whom citations may be served.

ARTICLE V.

The capital stock of this corporation is hereby fixed at one million dollars, represented by ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. Ten per cent of each subscription shall be payable in conformity with Article XII, and it is provided that this company shall be authorized to receive subscriptions, in lands or other property, to the capital stock thereof at its cash value, and that the appraisal of the same be referred to the standing committee to be appointed by the Board of Directors for such purpose; and provided, also, that the company may commence business at any time the Board of Directors may deem it advisable to do so. The capital may be increased to an amount not exceeding two millions of dollars by a vote representing two-thirds of the capital of one million dollars. It is also provided that no further payment shall be required from the holders of the first five hundred shares of the said company subscribed for, other than the payment provided for and required by Article XII. The remainder of the amount of stock which may be subscribed for, other than the said five hundred shares, shall be paid at such times and in such manner as may be prescribed by the Board of Directors; provided, no more than ten per cent of said subscription shall be called for at any one time, and not oftener than once in thirty days.

ARTICLE VI.

Three-fourths of the stockholders in capital shall have the power to wind up and settle all affairs of the company at any time during its existence, or of making such modifications, additions or changes to this act as may be required, provided the same are just and proper, on giving ten days' previous notice in two of the newspapers published in this city.

ARTICLE VII.

The Board of Directors, at an early day, shall proceed to elect the officers of the corporation, which shall consist of a president, vice president, treasurer, superintendent, secretary and such other officers as they may deem necessary, the first two of which shall be from their own number.

ARTICLE VIII.

The term for which this corporation is formed shall be twenty-five years.

ARTICLE IX.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the stockholders of this company shall be held annually, commencing on the first Monday in June, A. D. 1871, at which time a majority in capital shall choose seven of their number to serve as directors for the ensuing year, who shall form and constitute a board of control for the management of the affairs of the company for the following year, or until their successors are appointed; and until the election of directors as aforesaid, the following named persons shall constitute a board of directors to manage the affairs of said company, any three of whom shall constitute a quorum, viz: Joseph C. Hess, David DeHaven, John W. Blanks, Henry L. Jones, Dexter G. Hitchcock, William A. Bates, and William H. Phelon, who shall hold their office until after the first regular election.

SEC. 2. A failure to elect directors at a regular meeting of the stockholders shall not dissolve the company, but the directors then in office shall continue to exercise their functions until a new board be elected.

SEC. 3. Five members of said Board of Directors shall form a quorum to do business, and the Board of Directors shall have power to make and adopt all necessary rules and by-laws for the government of the company, provided the same do not conflict with the true intent and meaning of this act of incorporation and the laws of this State. The Board of Directors may declare dividends from time to time, as they may deem advisable.

SEC. 4. If any director shall cease to be a stockholder during his term of office, it shall be declared vacated, or in the event of the death, permanent absence or resignation of any director, the board shall have the authority to fill the vacancy occasioned thereby.

ARTICLE X.

No stockholder shall ever be held liable or responsible for the contracts or faults of said company beyond the amount of his, her or their stock in said company, nor shall any mere informality in the organization of said company have the effect of rendering the present charter null, or of exposing a stockholder to any greater liability than the amount of his, her or their stock therein.

ARTICLE XI.

Should any subscriber refuse or neglect to pay punctually, his, her or their installments, as the same fall due, interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum shall be added thereto from maturity until final payment; and, if any subscriber neglects or refuses to pay his, her or their installment within thirty days after the specified time of payment, the Board of Directors shall have the right of causing any share or shares upon which any installment may be due, to be sold at auction, or to forfeit said shares, or to compel, by suit, the payment of such installments as the board may deem advisable.

ARTICLE XII.

No subscription to be binding until the sum of fifty thousand dollars is subscribed, when a payment of ten per cent shall be due and payable.

ARTICLE XIII.

The following named persons are stockholders in said company, and, as such, are entitled to the number of shares placed opposite to their names, respectively, to wit: Joseph C. Hess, David DeHaven, John W. Blanks, Henry L. Jones, Dexter G. Hitchcock, William A. Bates and William H. Phelon.

And, in conclusion, the stockholders hereinbefore named, in confirmation of the aforesaid stipulations, covenants and agreements, ordained and established by the present act for the purposes above mentioned, and to that effect only, have hereinafter subscribed their names respectively.

United States internal revenue stamp to the value of twenty cents is hereunto attached, and duly canceled.

Thus done and passed at the city of New Orleans aforesaid, the day, month and year first above written, in the presence of John D. Harde and William H. Sheppard, competent witnesses of lawful age, domiciliated in this city, who hereunto sign their names, together with the said parties, and me, notary.

Original signed:
J. C. Hess, 70 shares; D. DeHaven, 80 shares;
W. H. Phelon, 70 shares; J. W. Blanks, 70 shares;
Henry L. Jones, 70 shares; D. G. Hitchcock, 70 shares;
W. A. Bates, 70 shares.
JOHN D. HARDE,
W. H. SHEPPARD.
J. BENDERNAGEL, Notary Public.

STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of Orleans.

I, the undersigned, notary, do certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original act on file and of record in my office.

In faith whereof I hereunto set my hand and official seal, this tenth day of March, A. D. 1871.
J. BENDERNAGEL, Notary Public.

I, the undersigned, Recorder of Mortgages in and for the city and parish of Orleans, do hereby certify that the within charter has been this day duly recorded in my office in book society No. 8, folios 290, 291, 292 and 293, as required by law.
C. DARCANTEL, Deputy.
New Orleans, March 14, 1871.

I certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original certificate of the Recorder of Mortgages, indorsed upon the charter of the National Marine and River Transportation Company, on file and of record in my notarial office, as aforesaid.
J. BENDERNAGEL, Notary Public.
New Orleans, March 17, A. D. 1871.
ap2 11 19 26 my2

FOUNDRIES.

GEORGE CRONAN,
(Successor to Bennett & Lurges,)
SOUTHERN ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS,
Corner Magnolia and Erato streets,
Near Jackson Railroad Depot,
New Orleans, Louisiana.
Blacksmithing and Housework in general, Vaults, Store Fronts, etc., made to order at the shortest notice.
Office at the Foundry. au23 1y

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAWKINS & THARP.
(J. HAWKINS—ISAIAH THARP.)
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
19..........Commercial Place..........19
NEW ORLEANS.
Prompt attention given to business in the State and United States Courts ja13

T. A. BARTLETTE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
142..........Gravier street..........142
(Up stairs),
ja13 1y NEW ORLEANS.

[illegible]

NEW ORLEANS [illegible]

On and after [illegible] trains will leave [illegible] New Orleans [illegible] P. M. daily [illegible]

[illegible]

Through [illegible] New Orleans at 7:30 A. M. [illegible]
R. G. SEWALL, General Superintendent.
S. R. CURRY, General Ticket Agent.
C. W. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent.
New Orleans March 20, 1871. ap1 6t

NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE AND CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD.
MOBILE DIVISION.

Two express trains daily. On and after MONDAY, January 23, 1871, passenger trains will run as follows: Leave New Orleans, foot of Canal street, for Mobile and intermediate stations, at 8 A. M. and 3 P. M. Arrive at Mobile at [illegible] P. M. Leave Mobile, from foot of Government street, for New Orleans and intermediate stations, at 8:15 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Arrive at New Orleans at 2:30 and 9:30 P. M. Connecting trains at Mobile by 8 A. M. train with Mobile and Ohio road for St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, and ALL POINTS NORTH, EAST AND WEST; and by the 3 P. M. train with night express train of the Mobile and Montgomery road for Montgomery, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Florida, and all points North, East and West. Freight trains each way daily, and freight received on the foot of [illegible] street before 5 P. M. delivered in Mobile early next morning. Freight as low as by any other route.

For through tickets or further information as to rates of freight, apply at the company's office, corner of Camp and Common streets.
J. R. KENDRICK, General Superintendent.
New Orleans, January 20, 1871. ja25

TRAVELERS, ATTENTION!

THE NEW ORLEANS, JACKSON AND GREAT NORTHERN, AND MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROADS,

Run their Passenger Coaches and Baggage Cars, their combined length without change.
And but one change to New York and all intermediate points.

BAGGAGE CHECKED FROM RESIDENCE TO DESTINATION.

The 7:30 A. M. Express Train runs Daily,
(SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.)

Makes close connections for Vicksburg, Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, and all points beyond. Sleeping cars at night, Canton to Grand Junction and Humboldt.

The Mail Train leaves New Orleans Daily, at 5:30 P. M.

Makes schedule connections with Lightning Express trains to all points NORTH, EAST and WEST. Carries the great Northern Mail.

Time to New York, 70 Hours.

New and elegantly fitted up Sleeping Cars run to Humboldt, Tennessee, Cleveland, Tennessee, and Louisville, Kentucky.

Express Train South arrives at 1:30 A. M.
Mail Train South arrives at 10:30 A. M.
Ticket office, Galveston, New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad and Mississippi Central Railroad Office, Morgan's Line Wharf.
Ticket Offices, New Orleans, under City Hotel, Corner Camp and Common streets, and at Depot.
R. G. SEWALL, General Superintendent.
S. R. CURRY, General Ticket Agent, New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad.
E. D. FROST, General Superintendent.
D. B. MURRY, General Ticket Agent, Mississippi Central Railroad.
C. W. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent.
jy20 3m

TO THE EAST..........TO THE EAST
Via Louisville and Ohio and Mississippi Railway.

The completion of the Louisville Division of this road, and the splendid equipment for passenger travel, make this the

BEST ROUTE TO CINCINNATI,
AND
ALL POINTS EAST AND NORTHEAST.

THREE THROUGH TRAINS DAILY,
With direct connections from the south for Cincinnati
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

Be sure and ask for tickets via Louisville and the Ohio and Mississippi Railway, for sale at all principal ticket offices in the South, and in Louisville at the General Office of the Company, corner Fourth and Main streets, also at Galt House and Louisville Hotel and Willard Hotels.

N. B.—Tickets to Cincinnati and points East, via this line, are good on mail line steamers, and mail line tickets are good on this road.
CHARLES E. FOLLETT, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis.
J. L. GRISWOLD, General Superintendent, St. Louis.
THOMAS BOWWIN, General Southern Agent, Louisville.
jy6 1y

SPECIAL NOTICE.
St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad.
THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE

To St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha, San Francisco, St. Paul, Kansas City, Leavenworth, St. Joseph,
And all Points North, East and West.

TWO EXPRESS TRAINS leave the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad Depot daily, at 7 A. M. and 5 P. M.
AN EXPRESS TRAIN leaves the foot of Canal street daily at 8 A. M., via the New Orleans, Mobile and Chattanooga Railroad, making close connections at Mobile with the Mobile and Ohio Railroad to all points North, East and West.
For tickets apply to
A. D. SHELDON,
Ticket Agent New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad, corner Camp and Common streets, under City Hotel; or to
W. BEDELL,
Ticket Agent New Orleans, Mobile and Chattanooga Railroad, No. 150 Common street, under St. Charles Hotel.
J. H. WINGFIELD,
General Superintending Agent St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad. ma24

PASSENGERS GOING EAST,
VIA LOUISVILLE OR CAIRO,
Should purchase Tickets by the
ERIE AND ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Forming the best and most comfortable Line to New York, Boston and Northern and Atlantic cities, with magnificent Palace Combined Day and eight Coaches, through to New York without change.

Two Lightning Express Trains Daily.

This is the only Line from Cincinnati to New York under one management; the only Line from Cincinnati to New York without break of gauge; the only Line whose trains run through to New York without change; the only Line running coaches through without using compromise wheels; the only Line running Palace Broad Gauge Coaches through without change.

If you desire prompt time and certain connections, finest scenery on the Continent, most comfortable cars in the world, most magnificent dining halls and ample time for meals, and the safest, best and most comfortable route, go to New York by the

Erie and Atlantic and Great Western Railway.

Tickets by this Line for sale at all ticket offices through the South.
WILLIAM R. BARR, General Passenger Agent, New York.
W. H. SHATTUC, General Southern Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.
ja5 1y

IN BANKRUPTCY.

ESTATE OF JAMES E. AYER.

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL, District of Louisiana.
New Orleans, March 14, 1871.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT ON THE tenth day of March, A. D. 1871, a warrant in bankruptcy was issued against the estate of James E. Ayer, of New Orleans, in the parish of Orleans, and State of Louisiana, who has been adjudged a bankrupt on his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt, to prove their debts and to choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the Customhouse building, New Orleans, Louisiana, before C. S. Kellogg, Register, on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1871, at nine o'clock A. M.
S. B. PACKARD,
United States Marshal, District of Louisiana.
mh14 ap18